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Title: Glass touches

Date: May 2015

Originally published in: Stride magazine

Example citation: Seed, I. (2015). Glass touches. *Stride magazine*.

Version of item: Author's post-print

Available at: <http://hdl.handle.net/10034/552915>

## Glass Touches

1

a snow inside mist on you undresses a bare spread floor  
that his voice doesn't hang fingers with song between growing  
ice only move in departing the next body explores at first his inching  
warm tiny life brow having midst at this still means search  
huddled together in the returning face tears shine beneath one streaming  
from unknown and his bundle down the angels burden  
we bowed its page and learn cold whose journeys voice this centre deepen  
long seems song itself where it hits the light leans  
little distance know his will begins arms forgive in valley  
wings where spread the form the wide him floor and that ridge  
as of peering out something rippling promises again each safe  
as a single secret to its exercise a breast a hands hammer

2

known frozen are in nothing more alive if the one hand about stars  
like glass touches chief shades of ourselves fluid forgotten  
the floating dark they shape steep where will and cut sound not a gorge of open  
in walking emerge among outspread patterns on into the ice one cedars  
entering the designs its grass tells seams wandering path over angels new  
covered they are by day no longer to light resembles  
streaming in of birds and ice catching large around the labyrinth but long was kissed  
letter home the new unwinding paths us to light it

sparkles pause beyond any and to the mouth return  
in a rotund somewhere the end dark haired for stranger  
dressed from behind the journey sea eye beaten without  
a gleam never dissolved a brightly used boundary footsteps code

3

skin listening outside an open zero story bridge unsteady  
made of rubble sand water for faith the in beyond  
big toothed the possible whiteness my eyed dark  
elsewhere a fill bone slowly deep the butterfly such that flocks  
a thing even exists of release already broken  
his afterwards all heart gridlines each stream  
a kiss to break veined wire never more the perceived stranger  
the sea keep my end that the sleeve of his feeling  
scent opens colour however encircles straightaway  
were landscape as spread of this wave is severing sleek rises  
in abyss and within depth we the rough concretions  
are afferent always nerves a sole understanding phantom

4

in emerge say and the dresses two the tangible sides  
gathering body a human of that in gap holds  
sway the curved mirror as corpse beings  
appear one broken wafer thin night are my  
belly who jostle friends now I help unpack begin

the traveller open will end masks still blow may  
for worn everyone has and fold design of dead  
as it clothes go moment and are naked over like machine  
only otherwise leaving lanes to think between skyline hung  
bridges prove rivers say his friendly voice and down  
us never figure the toss reached careless what clothes almost  
decent once more the cry enters itself which hope

5

in a wide dose rivers left to grow were down their rapidly web  
counted in night I stroll untouched threads forest dreamt  
the made stage of matter sing back have the deeper wear  
as almost parts a child done no dark sailors running  
footprints red in a want love handkerchief  
could knot to street you through the made in one move  
the magic printing with the time leap as all tall  
from far milk houses one is miracles already  
skin unknown dark to their whiter another debt  
sometimes up daylight those things tip the touched  
cupped heart that a leaf in a moment loosens the lost faces  
and the going pointed star to night us is still there

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